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THE ELEVEN TAVERNS

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FAYETTEVILLE, ONONDAGA CO., N.Y., MAY 3, 1901  
BY  
MONROE P. WORDEN

and

REMINISCENCES OF MONROE P. WORDEN, OF FAYETTEVILLE  
IN 1901

## The Eleven Taverns.

"Fayetteville, Onondaga Co., N.Y., May 3, 1901.

"Within the last few years I have frequently made the statement that while I was a boy there were eleven taverns between the village of Fayetteville and the village of Syracuse, and that there was now no person living, except myself, who could verify that fact. Fayetteville also seems to have had quite a record for taverns, for as early as 1824, it was called the village of 'four taverns and no churches,' while now it is called the 'village of churches.' It was not then called Fayetteville, but Manlius Four Corners.. It was also called the Forty Thieves.

"First. The first of the eleven taverns west of the village was the David Otis Tavern, on the farm which he sold to Ambrose Smith, the father of Henry and Platt Smith of this village." (He added a personal account of sickness there.)

"Second. The Captain Samuel Wilcox Tavern was located at forks of the road leading to High Bridge and to Fayetteville. The tavern was torn down many years ago, and a house erected on the site by James J. Hurd, and now occupied by George Adcock, jr. Capt. Samuel Wilcox was the father of Asel Wilcox, and the grandfather of Asel F. Wilcox, now deceased. He was a soldier in the War of the Revolution, and died about 1822, and was buried in the Orville Cemetery, by the Order of Masons, the remains being carried on a bier by relays of bearers.

"Third. The Amasa Parks Tavern was located on the south side of Genesee Street, directly opposite the residence of Hiram Edwards, deceased. Mr. Parks was an uncle of mine, having married Hannah Worden, father's sister. After the death of Aunt Hannah, the house was rented till about 1832 or 1834, when it was purchased by Timothy Graham, who used the west part for a wagon shop and the east for a residence. In addition to his wagon business he made the bull plow. His family consisted of three boys, Merlin, David and Miles, and four girls, Philura, wife of Lyman Burk, Calista, wife of Daniel Rice, Amelia, wife of Enos Buck, and Laura, who married Boxley, in Missouri.

"A little incident happened to Miles and myself in our boyhood days. There was a Mr. Rose in the neighborhood, a collier, and we boys were much interested in the process of making coal. Father owned eight acres of loamy land, about 30 rods west of our home, and he had a lathing hatchet. One end was axe, and the other was hammer, which we boys were allowed to use as we pleased. There was about an acre on Father's land that had not been cleared up, and a good deal of old wood was lying round. Miles and I concluded that it was a good place to go into the coal business. The first thing to do was to cut the wood. So we started with the little hatchet to commence the cutting, and like most smart boys both wanted to chop at the same time with the same hatchet. After Miles had been chopping a short time I told him it was my turn now. He said, 'Let me have three blows more and you shall have it.' So I stepped back and he struck the three blows, and raised the hatchet for another blow. In order to prevent it I put my left foot on the place, and down came the hatchet on the great toe joint. The scar that I carry is a striking memorial of the incident. Miles felt very bad and helped me home, and Mother had a job in surgery, and the coal business was indefinitely postponed.



"Fourth. The Jesse Prindle Tavern was located about eight rods east of Father's house, and about ten rods east of the residence of Hiram Edwards, deceased, on the north side of the Genesee Street. He had three boys, Jesse, Tracy and Michael, and two girls, Eliza and Sophia. As I recollect, it was called the Prindle Tavern, but Father and Mother stated that in 1817, Uncle Jonathan Worden kept it, and then related this incident in connection with it, with a good deal of gusto.

"In the fall of 1817 Governor De Witt Clinton was making a tour of the State, with his family and retinue, and put up for the night at Uncle Jonathan's. At that time Father had some honey that was made when the basswood was in bloom. Uncle Jonathan came in and said, 'Jesse, I want to get some of that nice honey of yours. There is a man that has put up at my house, that, judging from his appearance and equipage I should say was smart enough to be Governor of the State of New York - New York, understand me.' In the course of the evening it became known that he was the Governor and the next morning about fifty male citizens in the vicinity had assembled to greet him, and then, on the steps of that little one-story, weather-beaten country tavern, the great Gov. Clinton made them a speech.

"Fifth. The Rowling Allen Tavern is located on the north side of Genesee Street, just west of the old Turnpike Toll Gate, and is now standing there, and has been occupied many years as a tenant house, and the surroundings are all changed. Mr. Allen was quite ambitious to draw the trade that in early days was passing over Genesee Turnpike, and in addition to an open shed and large barn east of the house, he had a large yard enclosed with a stone wall north of the shed and barn, and a roof extended from the wall about fifteen feet over the yard all around outside of the yard. At that time the great freight teams, consisting of three, five and seven horses, were doing a large freighting business between Buffalo and Albany. The teams that staid at Allen's over night would drive into the yard between house and shed, then on and around the yard to southeast corner and east of barn, then unhitch and take care of the horses. The next to stop would follow around to the rear of the first, and so on for all that put up there, and were all protected from storms. Mr. Allen also carried on the blacksmith business. He erected a large shop on the south side of the street, directly opposite his house, had four forges in it, and kept from four to five workmen. He did general work, such as repairing, horse shoeing, setting tire on the great freight wagons. To get the right width of tire (7 or 8 in.) it required three tire of ordinary width to a wheel, and it required experts to get them on all right. Now it can be done with one tire of the right width. There were four sons in the Allen family, Augustus, Samuel, John and Henry.

"Sixth. The John Young Tavern was located on south side of Genesee Street, on top of hill above the plank road and feeder (canal) bridges, and directly opposite the residence of the late Dr. George L. Loomis's. It was one and a half stories high, stood broadside to the road, and had a verandah across the entire front. It has been gone for many years. I remember it well.

"Seventh. The James Norris Tavern was located on the north side of Genesee Street, and corner of the road leading north in rear of old Presbyterian Church, now Methodist. It was a two-story house, stood broadside to the street, and had wide steps across the entire front. On the corner of the road leading north was a wide open shed and barn in rear. When I was quite a small boy a

caravan stopped there, and occupied the shed and out in the street enough to make a ring to exhibit the elephant, pony and monkey. This was a great day for us boys. There were monkeys and everything. The pony had to go around the ring at the crack of the ring master's whip, mounted by Jock monkey carrying a flag. Gee whew! didn't they go! Then Mr. Elephant, with his two large tusks, took the ring. A great saddle was put on him. He was caused to kneel, and six or eight girls got into the saddle. It had seats and back all around. Then he got up and gave the girls a ride around the ring. It was great fun for us boys. Then Mr. Elephant humbled himself again, and the girls stepped down and out, and the ring master took a seat across his tusks. Mr. Elephant got on his feet and commenced to back around the ring, at the same time tossing up the ring master at every step from his tusks; I should say less than five feet. Thus ended the great monkey show and caravan. The tavern was burned many years ago, when Charles Candee occupied it, and it was not rebuilt.

"Eighth. The Thomas Rose Tavern was located about four rods west of the James Norris Tavern, on the south side of Genesee Street. It was two stories high, a verandah about six feet wide across the front, supported by four pillars - a large open shed to the east, connected by a large barn on the south for stabling, and entered from the shed by large double doors. I remember a little rhyme that went the rounds in connection with Squire Thomas Rose. He had engaged a man to help him kill hogs, who lived about a half mile south of the village, by name of Ripley, who was a character and was familiarly called Uncle Pell. He came early to the house, finding Squire Thomas still in bed, and being somewhat of a rhymster addressed him thus:

'Squire Thomas, I do suppose  
I've come to work for you, sir;  
Get out of bed and show your head,  
And then put on your shoe, sir.  
Step ~~ixixixixix~~ into the bar, hand out a cigar,  
(It's only just in fun;)  
For Uncle Pell, as true as Hell,  
Would like some bittered rum.'

"Later, Squire Rose sold to George Grinnell, went to Syracuse, built a brick house at corner of Beech and Genesee Streets, and lived and died there. Also his son William died there later on. It was not far from sixty years ago George Grinnell (Case?) bought the Rose Tavern, and kept it about thirty years, then sold to a friend of Esq. Edmund Cobb, Jr., Onondaga, who took down the old tavern and erected the present one in its stead. The most notable thing of the George Grinnell administration was his skill in making flip, for which he became noted, and Orville was known as Flipville for miles around.

"Ninth. The Daniel Torrey Tavern was located two and a half or three miles west of Orville. Now owned by Charles Hiscock. It Originally stood broadside to the road.

"Tenth. The Bevel Wyborn Tavern was located about six rods west of the West Toll Gate, on the north side of the street, in side hill. The original building is still there.

"Eleventh. The Lathrop Tavern was on the corner of Genesee Street and Walnut Street, directly north of Madison Schoolhouse. In the winter of 1824 and 1825, an uncle, Weed H. Worden (by occupation a fuller - his mill and home were about four miles northeast of Camillus village), came to the original town of Manlius with his family, Aunt Hannah and their two sons, Charles

and Elam, to visit his mother, the widow of Capt. Walter Worden, a Revolutionary soldier, and one sister, Lucretia Halstead, and eight brothers. He came the latter part of December, 1824, and staid till late in February, 1825. Then Father furnished him with a horse and cutter to take him and family home. The cutter was square box, high back seat, high dash-board in front. I went to drive the horse back. The morning we started was bitter cold. Charles and I were set down in front with our backs to the horsw, and Aunt Hannah carried Elam in her lap. Uncle Weed drove the horse and would occasionally touch her with the whip and say: 'Take up your feet, Gin.' He stopped at the Lathrop Tavern for us to get warm. The horse was cared for under the shed to the east of the house. The house was one and a half stories high, stood broadside to the road, the sitting room was in the middle, with narrow entrance into bar-room to the east. The house was long on the street, with three doors in front. It was nice and warm when we staid there, with a real old-fashioned wood fire. Before we started Uncle Weed went into the bar-room and got a glass of brandy and sugar, and brought it to us, and we all had a taste of it. Then we started on our journey. At Camillus we stopped to warm, but did not take any brandy. Then on to Uncle Weed's house. The house was surrounded with a great snow drift, but we could run over it. It did not take Uncle Weed long to get a fire started in the stove. Then he went and took care of the horse. It wan't long before the house (which was small) was warm, and the little boys, Charles and Elam, were having a high time, running around the stove, that stood out well in the room. In due time Aunt Hannah had supper ready, and I have no doubt we all did justice to it. After breakfast the next morning (the weather was milder) Uncle Weed gave me directions and started me for home, which I have no doubt I reached in safety, and I can now say 'Finis' to the story of the Eleven Taverns."

(Signed Monroe P. Worden.)



Eleven Taverns, (from Fayetteville to Syracuse)

by Monroe P. Worden *Reminiscences*  
Genealogical notes .

- (A) David Otis, b. May 6, 1770 in Mass. mar. Melana Smith & settled 1st. in Camillus, where he had brothers, Isaac of Jordan, & Joseph, of Fabius.  
His children were:- Loran Ford 1808-1827; Norman 1811- ? who mar. Semantha Paddock; & Newton 1813-?, who were merchan in Dewitt.

See Otis gen. in N.E. Reg. vols. 2 & 4

- (B) Capt. Samuel Wilcox, b. Jan. 2, 1742 in R.I. mar. Jan. 2, 1863 Lois Cogswell & had b. in Peru, Berkshire Co. Mass. sons Daniel b. 1769, Samuel jr. b. 1777; who mar. Polly Parks; Abel b. 1779 who mar. Achsa --- & Asel b. 1784 who mar. ----  
Capt. Samuel Wilcox rem. from Peru abt. 1798 & settled on a tract now called "Lyndon"

- (C) Amasa Parks from Preston, Conn. & Tyringham, Mass. Park line, mar. Hannah Worden, dau. Capt. Walter.  
Their son George Parks,

- (D) Timothy Graham, b. 1779-1844, mar. Ruth

{ Marlin,  
David  
Miles, m. Jennet R.  
Philura, m. Lyman Burke  
Calista, m. Dan Rice  
Amelia m. Enos Burke  
Laura m. Boxley

- (E) Jesse Prindle

{ Jesse jr.  
Tracy  
Michael  
Eliza  
Sophia

- (F) Rowling Allen

{ Augustus  
Samuel  
John  
Henry

- (G) James Norris, b. abt. 1774, d. Oct. 6, 1848, ae. 74, bur. in Jamesville.  
wife Sarah B.

(H) Thomas Rose, b. 1785 in D. Brittain. *Gravels.* Sept. 14, 1866, bur. in Oakwood.  
 He was the son of Wm. & Mary DeWitt Rose, (or Roosa,) & was a nephew  
 of Moses DeWitt.  
 A son William d.  
 A dau. m.  
 m. John Baldwin Adams

(I) Pelham Ripley

(J) George Grinnell

(K) Daniel Torrey d. July 1, 1853, ae. 79-6.  
 mar. Odedience Ives

(L) Bevel Wiborn, *born Ques,* 1783. d. 1872 in Dunit, married (1) R. Van Vels (2) Maria Brewster


(M) Lathrop

(N) The Worden family came from Petersburg, Rensselaer Co. & consisted  
 of Capt. Walter & Lucretia (Hakes) Worden & their 11 children, 2 girls  
 & 9 boys. Maj. Jesse Worden b. Oct. 14, 1781 mar. 1st. Catherine Halstead  
 & (2) Abiah Sweeting 1808 the mother of Monroe P. Worden  
 He had by 1st. mar. Morgan L. & Polly 1805-1813.  
 by 2d. mar. he had Whiting Sweeting, DeWitt Clinton, Thompsons D.d.y.  
 & Monroe P. 1816-1904 mar. Susan Northrup.  
 "Uncle Jonathan" Worden b. Mar. 20, 1780 mar. 1st. Anna Taell dau. Tim.  
 & had Clarissa, Julia, D. thy, Washington & Hicks, the cousin



Reminiscences of Monroe P. Worden, of Fayetteville,  
N.Y., in 1901.

"On the 8th day of March, 1816, I was born in the house now owned and occupied by the family of Orlando Wilcox, deceased, in the original town of Manlius, now De Witt, in the little hamlet formerly called the Huddle, now of Lyndon. The house is on the north side of Genesee Street, nearly opposite the private road leading to the Silas B farm - the original owner - now owned by William Candee. My parents were Major Jesse Worden and Abiah Sweeting. My mother came to the town of Manlius, near Fayetteville, in 1793, from Rensselaer Co. in this State. My father came from the same county, as near as I can ascertain, near the first part of the nineteenth century. When I was a little past eight years of age, together with Henry Allen, Miles Graham and other boys of the Huddle, we started to celebrate the Fourth of July. At that time Drville was the great Mecca for us boys. There were the Charles Lewis and J. W. Barker stores, the post office, where fire-crackers, nuts and candies were for sale. We were on hand early, and had bought a few fire-crackers and filberts, when George Parks, a boy nearly twice as old as any of us, came along and said, 'Come, boys, go to Syracuse with me. They are to have a great celebration there to-day. Have a company to march - have fifes and drums, and fire a cannon.' Of course we decided at once to go. Where Syracuse now is, it was at that time nearly all a cedar swamp. The road from the foot of Asylum Hill to near Fayette Park was what is called corduroy - that is, covered with logs laid across the road, and deep ditches on either side, and the muck covered the logs. Near Fayette Park, where the corduroy ended, the tracks spread out nearly a block wide. Every one seemed to be trying to find the best place to drive through. Of course the soft mucky earth was no impediment for our bare feet. The first house we came to in the village was on the northwest corner of Fayette Park, where the residence of the late John Crouse now is. The first story was brick, the second wood, and was entered by steps across the entire south side. In the first floor was a room where cake, beer, etc., were sold. I have no recollection of any other building till we came to the Episcopal Church, located on the Granger Block. The exercises were then being conducted. I remember Hicks Worden, and a cousin, who was about ten years my senior, was standing on a block in front of an open window, leaning over into the audience room. We continued along till we got to the stone bridge over the Erie Canal, on Salina St., expecting to see the parade and the cannon. In this we were disappointed. There was no parade or cannon in sight. The bridge seemed to be the principal place of attraction, and we staid there most of the time until we started for home, about the middle of afternoon. One boat passed under the bridge whilst we were there. At that time the canal was completed from Syracuse to Utica.

"From that time I think I have a very clear recollection of that old stone bridge. It was plenty wide for teams to pass. The railing was made of stone, about 2 1/2 feet thick, 3 feet high up to the coping. The railing started from heavy circles from each corner, and outside the line of railing. The circles and railing were coped with dressed stone, that extended at least two inches outside the wall. Coping held together by three staples to a joint made this way . That old bridge held a good many loungers that day. We had a good time, if we were disappointed, and got home in good season, tired, tired, tired.